THH BIRD'S SONG.

I asked a sweet robin one morning in May,
Who sang in the apple tree over the way,
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long time, but I could not find out;
"Why I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong,
Don't you know I'm singing a temperance song."

"Teetotal—O that's the first word of my lay,
And then don't you see how I rattle away?
'Tis because I've just dip'd my beak in the spring,
And brush'd the fair face of th' lark with my wing
Cold water, cold water, yes, that is my song,
And I love too keep singing it all the day long"

"And now, my sweet miss, won't you give me a crumb,
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home?
And one thing beside, since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the Cold Water Army belong."

INDOLENCE.

All degrees of indolence incline a man to rely upon others, and not upon himself; to eat *their* bread and not his own. His carlessness is somebody's loss; his neglect is somebody's downfall; his promises are a perpetual stumbling block to all who trust them. If he borrows, the article remains borrowed; if he begs and gets, it is the letting out of waters—no one knows when it will stop. He spoils your work; disappoints your expectations; exhausts your patience; eats up your substance; abuses your confidence; and hangs a dead weight upon all your plans; and the very best thing an honest man can do with a lazy man is to get rid of him. Solomon says: "Bray a fool with a pestle, in a mortar with wheat, yet will not his folly depart from him." He does not mention what kind of a fool he meant; but as he speaks of a fool by pre-eminence, I take it for granted he meant a *lazy man;* and I am more inclined to the opinion from the expression of his experience "As vinegar to the teeth, and smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him."

Indolence is a great spendthrift. An indolently inclined young man, can neither *make* nor *keep* property. I have high authority for this: "He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster."

When satan would put ordinary men to a crop of mischief, like a wise husbandman he clears the ground and prepares it for seed; but he finds the idle man already prepared, and he has scarcely the trouble of sowing, for vices, like weeds, ask little strewing, except what the wind gives their ripe and winged seeds, shaking and scattering them all abroad. Indeed, lazy men may fitly be likened to a tropical prairie over which the wind of temptation perpetually blows, drifting every vagrant seed from hedge and hill, and which—without a moments rest through the whole year—waves its rank harvest of luxuriant weeds.

First, the imagination will be haunted with unlawful visitants. Upon the outskirts of the towns are shattered houses, abandoned by reputable persons. They are not empty, because all the day silent; thieves, vagabonds and villains haunt them, in joint possession with rats, bats and vermin. Such are idle men's imaginations—full of unlawful company.

The imagination is closely related to the passions, and fires them with its heat. The day dreams of indolent youth, glow each hour with warmer colors, and bolder adventures. The imagination fashions scenes of enchantment, in which the passions revel; and it leads them out in shadow at first, to deeds which soon they will seek in earnest. The brilliant colors of far-away clouds, are but the colors of the storm; the salacious day-dreams of indolent men rosy at first and distant, deepen every day, darker and darker, to the color of actual evil. Then follows the blight of every habit. Indolence promises without redeeming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up and obscures the memory of vows and oaths. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the steps of indolence, so upon such poverty, brood equivocations, subterfuges, lying denials.—Falsehood becomes the instrument of every plan. Negligence of truth, next occasional falsehood, then wanton mendacity—these three strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Indolence as surely runs to dishonesty, as to lying. Indeed, they are but different parts of the same road, and not far apart. In directing the conduct of the Ephesian converts, Paul says: "Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good." The men who were thieves, were those who had ceased to work.—Industry was the road back to honesty. When stores are broken open, the idle are first suspected. The desperate forgeries and swindlings of past years have taught men, upon their occurrence, to ferret their authors among the unemployed, or among those vainly occupied in vicious pleasures.

The terrible passion for stealing rarely grows upon the young, except through the necessities of their idle pleasures. Business is first neglected for amusement, and amusement soon becomes the only business. The appetite for vicious pleasure outruns the means of procuring it. The theater, the circus, the card-table, the midnight carouse, demand money. When scanty earnings are gone, the young man pilfers from the till. First, because he hopes to repay and next, because he despairs of paying—for the disgrace of stealing ten dollars or a thousand will be the same, but not their respective pleasures. Next, he will gamble, since it is only another form of stealing. Gradually excluded from reputable society, the vagrant takes all the badges of vice, and is familiar with her paths; and, through them enters the broad road of crime. Society precipitates its lazy members, as water does its filth; and they form at the bottom, a pestilent sediment, stirred up by every breeze of evil, into riots, robberies and murders. Into it drains all the filth, and out of it, as from a morass, flow all the streams of pollution. Brutal wretches, desperately haunted by the law, crawling in human filth, brood here their villain schemes, and plot mischief to man. Hither resorts the truculent demagogue, to stir up the fœtid filth against his adversaries, or to bring up mobs out of the sea, which cannot rest, but cast up mire and dirt.

The results of indolence upon communities, are as marked as upon individuals. In a town of industrious people the streets would be clean; houses neat and comfortable; fences in repair, school-houses swarming with rosy-faced children, decently clad, and well behaved. The laws would be respected, because justly administered. The church would be thronged with devout worshippers. The tavern would be silent and for the most part empty, or a welcome retreat for weary travelers. Grog-sellers would fail and mechanics grow rich; labor would be honorable, and loafing a disgrace. For music the people would have the blacksmith's anvil, and the carpenter's hammer; and at home, the spinning wheel, and girls cheerfully singing at their work. Debts would be seldom paid, because seldom made; but if contracted, no grim officer would be invited to the settlement.—Town officers would be respectable men, taking office reluctantly, and only for the public good. Public days would be full of sports, without fighting; and elections would be as orderly as weddings or funerals.

[Henry Ward Beecher.

MEMORIZING LESSONS.—A great deal has been said, by authority respectable, and contemptible, in regard to the propriety of learning a lesson "by heart." The practice probably never had many advocates, on account of the additional labor which it obliges the teacher to perform; for it is quite certain that scholars will strike away boldly in a recitation, without question or book, until the teacher shows himself so completely master of the lesson that his memory will not need any jogging by the books from which he gives instruction. The practice of requiring pupils to memorize lessons has been much stigmatized as loading the memory without quickening and invigorating the reason, and rather tending to weaken the mental powers than to impart energy. Such has been the lamentable result, without doubt in a large number of cases. But this unfortunate issue is owing, we think, not to the fact that the pupils have been required to load their memories day by day, but to the fact that when the pupils have recited the lesson with parrot-like pertness and precision, too many teachers have supposed that their command over it was as perfect as could be required or desired. When a scholar can repeat a lesson with the most liquid fluency, we are no more to suppose that he has completely mastered it than that, when the school boy has learned to declaim the celebrated oration of Demosthenes on the Crown, he is prepared to move with tremenduous power such a populace as once bowed itself to the influence of this mighty speech. When a pupil has thoroughly committed a lesson to his memory, he has only placed it in a situation where he can study it to advantage. In study, the memory plays about the same part as the vice to the jeweler—it holds the subject to be operated upon firmly to the workings of the file, or the inspection of the microscope. So the memory, if properly educated, brings close up to the mind the matters of Grammar, History, &c., and keeps them steadily there, while the reason tears them in pieces and moulds them to its own purposes, and the imagination plays upon them with all their wonderful powers of illumination. The miserable results which are complained of as following this method of study, are to be attributed to the fact that the simple repetition of a lesson with a good degree of readiness is deemed equivalent to completely learning it, when, in truth, a scholar arrived at this point does not necessarily know anything about it.

[The School Friend.

MIND AGAINST MIND.—There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other, a grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisately the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas, talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away to the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all have the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

[Sidney Smith.

We do not wonder that leaves and trees, and boughs, have ever been the *material* whereof poets have manufactured comparisons and imagery.

One of the most beautiful we ever remember to have seen, was Dr. Cheever. That tree, said he, full leaved and swelling up into the blue, calm, summer air! Not a breath is stirring, and yet how it waves and rocks in the sunshine.—Its shadows are flung lavishly around it; birds sit and sing in its branches, and children seek refuge beneath them. Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day, they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature. Like that same tree it stands, with bare and shivering arms, tossing despairingly to Heaven—a glorious fluttering of life and warmth before; an iron harp for the minstrelsy of the wildest winds now.

[Chicago Journal.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—A black snake which had discovered the nest of a wood-pecker, climbed up the tree, and putting his head into the hole, swallowed the wood-pecker.—Alas! when he would have withdrawn he found his throat so much distended by his supper, that he could not get back; and so he died with his length exposed, dangling from the wood-pecker's hole, an admonition to all who passed by, not to get *into* a scrape until they had contrived how to get *out* of it.

It was the custom of the higher order of the Germans to drink mead, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding.—From this custom comes the expression, to "spend the honeymoon."

Manhattan, the name of the Island on which the city of New York stands, is taken from the name given by the Indians to the original Dutch settlement, and means the *place where they all got drunk.*

BEN HARDIN'S WIFE.—Romance is sometimes embodied in a fact six inches long. Old Ben Hardin, of Ky., got his wife by a rich and funny stratagem.

In the days of his young manhood, he was a work hand on the farm of a wealthy landholder in that State, and there sprung up between the laborer and the old man's daughter what is often called a secret attachment. By the by, attachments are generally secret. Ben and his dulcinea made up matters in proper time, without the knowledge or consent of his intended father-in-law. Indeed, the old man had never suspicioned that the aspirations of the youth were tending towards an alliance with his family—and if it had ever occurred to him, he would have spurned the thought. Ben was aware of his aristocratic notions, and of the existence of almost insurmountable objections to the match. So one day consulting the ingenuity of his nature, he devised ways and means to bring it about.

Going to the old man, he told him that unfortunately he had conceived a liking for the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood—that it was impossible to gain the consent of the girl's father—that he loved her and she loved him—and asked what course he would advise him to pursue.

"Won't she run away with you?" said the old man.

"She might," answered Ben, "if I could make the arrangements. Do you think it would be honorable for me to take advantage in that way?"

"Certainly," replied the originator of this plot. There would be nothing wrong."

Ben kept at him, and so enlisted the old gentleman that he made him a tender of his horse and buggy, and a few dimes, to carry out the elopement. The place of meeting was arranged, and—reader, you know what followed. Ben run off with the old man's daughter, a fact which the old fellow snuffed in the next morning's breeze, and one which chagrined him not a little. Winding up as novels do—Ben and his wife were forgiven.

SUPERSTITION REGARDING FRIDAY.—It is strange that Friday is regarded in all countries as a peculiar day. In England it is generally considered unlucky, and many people will not commence any undertaking on that day; and most sailors are firm in the belief that a vessel sailing on that day is sure to be wrecked. If a marriage takes place on that day, old wives shake their heads and predict all kinds of evil on the bride and bridegroom; nay, they even pity all children who are so unfortunate as to come into the world on that day.

In Germany, however, Friday is thought to be a favorable day for the solemnization of matrimonial and other undertakings, and the reason advocated for the preference attached, is said to be the ancient belief, that witches and sorcerors invariably held their meetings on this day, and of course whilst they were amusing themselves with riding on broomsticks round the Blosberg, they could have no time to work any evil.

It is but a short time since that a large ship owner at Hull, England, to do away with the superstition, caused the keel of a vessel to be laid on Friday; she was launched on a Friday, and named the Friday; she sailed on a Friday; but unfortunately for the philanthropic owner, she was never heard of afterwards, and the superstition, in consequence, has in that immediate vicinity since reigned uncontrolable.

THE TIME TO CUT HAY.—The period at which hay is cut, or corn reaped, materially affects the yield, (by weight) and the quantity of produce. It is commonly known that when radishes are left too long in the ground they become hard and woody, that the soft turnipy stem of the young cabbage undergoes a similar change as the plant grows old—and that the artichoke too, becomes tough and uneatable if left too long uncut. The same natural change goes on in the grasses which are cut for hay.

In the blades and stems of the young grasses there is much sugar, which, as they grow up is gradually changed into woody fibre. The more completely the latter change is effected—that is, the riper the plant becomes—the less sugar and starch, (both ready and soluble substances,) they contain. And though it has been ascertained, that woody fibre is not wholly indigestible, but the cow, for example, can appropriate a portion of it for food as it passes thro' her stomach; yet the reader may readily see, that those parts of the food which dissolve most easily, are also likely—other things being equal—to be most nourishing to the animal.

It is ascertained, also, that the weight of hay or straw reaped, is actually less when allowed to become fully ripe; and therefore, by cutting soon after the plant has attained its greatest height, a larger quantity as well as a better quality of hay will be obtained, while the land also will be less exhausted.

[Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry.

The Lockport Daily Courier says: There is a legend that a merchant once determined to ruin himself by squandering his money in advertising; but he found that the more he advertised the richer he grew, until at last he was obliged to give up in despair of ever effecting his purpose in that way.

The Christian Advocate and Jounal.

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JOSEPH LONGKING, Printer.

Prospectus of the National Monument.

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The *Monument*, edited and published by James C. Pickett, is intended to be a literary, agricultural, and miscellaneous paper. It will contain select portions of the literature of the day—the best that can be found in American and European publications; foreign and domestic news; a synopsis of the proceedings of Congress; and every thing that such a journal might be expected to contain, with the exception of party politics, which will be at all times most rigorously excluded.

The *Monument* will be published for the express and sole purpose of aiding in the erection of the noble column now rising on the bank of the Potomac in honor of the Father of his Country, and which every one who venerates the name of Washington will rejoice to see built. After deducting out of the subscription the expense of the journal proposed to be published, the remaining funds will be faithfully applied, and without reserve, to the purpose indicated. The aid therefore, of all who are willing to contribute to so patriotic an object, and one so entirely national, is earnestly requested. By subscribing to the *Monument* a valuable Journal at a low price is obtained, while it will be doing something at the same time towards completing that majestic memorial of the nation's gratitude.

The Board of Managers recommend Mr. Pickett, formerly 4th Auditor of the Treasury and Charge d'Affaires to Peru, who proposes to edit and publish the *Monument Journal*, as one well qualified to perform the duties of editor, and to conduct the paper faithfully and satisfactorily to all subscribers. They assure their fellow citizens that this paper is not a speculation got up for individual emolument. Mr. Pickett will make the experiment with his own means and at his own risk; and if successful he will receive nothing more, and he asks nothing more, than a very moderate compensation for his services. Not one dollar, therefore, of the direct subscription to the erection of the monument will be, in any event, applied to the support of the paper, nor the Society in any manner held pecuniarily responsible.

To give the public an idea of what may be done with the journal it is proposed to publish, it may be stated that a list of fifty thousand paying subscribers, at two dollars each, will yield an annual profit of from fifty to sixty thousand dollars.

The Postmasters and the Secretaries of all organized bodies throughout the Union are respectfully requested to act as agents in obtaining subscriptions for this journal, thus aiding the great object of our exertions.

As all editors and publishers, on account of the object for which the *Monument* newspaper will be established, must wish it to succeed, it is hoped that they will contribute to its success by publishing this prospectus.

All moneys will be remitted, and all letters and communications addressed, prepaid, to the General Agent of the Monument Society, Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, Washington.

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